

*Prince.* Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came *Falstaffes* Sword so hackt?

*Peto.* Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and said he would sweare truth out of *England* but hee would make you beleue it was done in fight, and perswaded vs to doe the like.

*Car.* Yea, and to tickle our noses with speare-grasse, to make them bleede, and then to beslubber our garments with it, and sweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seauen yeare before, I blusht to heare his monstrous deuises.

*Prin.* O villaine, thou stolest a cup of Sacke eightene yeeres ago, and wert taken with the manner, and euer since thou hast blusht extempore, thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ranst away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

*Bar.* My Lord, doe you see these meteors? doe you behold these exhalations?

*Prin.* I doe.

*Bar.* What thinke you they portend?

*Prin.* Hot Liuers, and cold Purces.

*Bar.* Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

*Enter Falstaffe.*

*Prin.* No, if rightly taken, Halter. Here comes leane *Iacke*, here comes bare-bone. How now my sweete creature of Bombast, how long is't ago, *Iacke*, since thou sawest thine owne Knee?

*Fal.* My owne Knee; when I was about thy yeares (*Hal*) I was not an Eagles talent in the wast: I could haue crept into any Aldermans thumbe-ring: a plague of sighing and grieffe, it blowes a man vp like a bladder. Ther's villanous newes abroad, here was sir *John braby* from your Father: you must goe to the Court in the morning. The same mad fellow of the *North Percy*, and he of *Wales*, that gaue *Amamon* the Baskinado, and made *Lucifer* cuckold, and swore the *Dimell* his true liegeman vpon the Crosse of a welch hocke; what a plague call you him?

*Poin.* O *Glendower*.

*Fal.* *Owen, Owen*, the same, and his Sonne in law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the sprightly Scot of *Scottes Downe-glasse*, that runnes a horse-backe vp a hill perpendicular.

*Prin.* Hee that rides at high speed, and with a Pistoll kills a Sparrow flying.

*Fal.*

*Fal.* You haue hit it.

*Prin.* So did he neuer the Sparrow.

*Fal.* Well, that rascall hath good mettall in him to runne.

*Prince.* Why what a rascall art thou then, to p running?

*Fal.* A horse-backe (yea Cuckoe) but on foot budge a foote.

*Prin.* Yes *Iacke*, vpon instinct.

*Fal.* I grant ye, vpon instinct: well, hee is the *Mordake*, and a thousand blew Caps more. *W* away by night, thy fathers beard is turn'd white: you may buy Land now as cheape as stincking *M*

*Prin.* Then 'tis like, if there come a hot Sunne buffering hold, wee shall buy Mayden-heads as nailes, by the hundreds.

*Fal.* By the Masse lad, thou'st true, it is like good trading that way. But tell me *Hal*, Art not teard? thou being Heire apparent, couldst thou out three such enemies again as that *Scot* *Dow* *Percy*, and that devil *Glendower*? Art thou not h doth not thy blood thrill at it?

*Prin.* Not awhit yfaith: I lacke some of thy in

*Fal.* Well, thou wilt be horrible childe to thou comest to thy Father: if thou doe loue answere.

*Prince.* Do thou stand for my Father, and ex the particulars of my life.

*Fal.* Shall I? content: this Chaire shalbe my ger my Scepter, and this Cushin my Crowne.

*Prin.* Thy State is taken for a toynd stoole, th ter for a leaden Dagger, and thy precious rich C tifull bald Crowne.

*Fal.* Well, and the fire of Grace be not qui now shalt thou be moued. Giue me a cuppe of mine eyes looke redde, that it may be thought For I must speake in passion, and I will doe it in vaine.